

35

59

THE
OLD SERPENTINE TEMPLE
61. OF THE
DRUIDS
AT
AVEBURY,
IN
NORTH WILTSHIRE,
A POEM.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.]

171 DRUIDS—The old serpentine temple of the
Druids, at Avebury, in N. Wiltshire, a poem,
folding plate, and plan of the Temple, 4to uncut,
2s 6d Marborough, 1795

(Also in the Wilt)

OLD CATHEDRAL

DEPT.

AVIRBURY

W. & A. WILKINSON

1891

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By Rev Charles Lucas,
curate of Avirbury

THE
OLD
SERPENTINE TEMPLE
OF THE
DRUIDS,
AT
AVEBURY,
IN
NORTH WILTSHIRE,
A POEM.

Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.
HOR.

Stat religione parentum.

F. M.

MARLBOROUGH; PRINTED BY E. HAROLD,

AND
SOLD BY W. MEYLER, BATH.

1795.

By *Sewell* ~~Printed~~ *Cornhill.*

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SERPENTINE TEMPLE

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DRUMS

THE

AVERBURY

IN

NORTH WILTS

A POEM

~~~~~

Sequitur novis regibus  
Cantibus imperii, et non, his regibus  
1897

Great religious movement

1897

~~~~~

MARLBOROUGH; PRINTED BY E. HAROLD

AND

SOLD BY W. D. MYLES, LTD.

4797

To Sir ADAM WILLIAMSON, K. B.
GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,

AND
GOVERNOR OF ST. DOMINGO, &c. &c.

A STRANGER to his Person, though not to his Worth, begs
Leave to offer the following Account of the OLD DRUID'S
TEMPLE, the Remains of which, with SILBURY HILL, are
chiefly upon his own Estate, and all upon the Manor of
AVEBURY.

THE Author trusts, since the late Inclosure has appointed so
excellent an Owner, that the Gigantic Ruins will escape that
Persecution they have so grievously and wantonly suffered
within the present Century.

TO SIR ADAM WILLIAMSON, K. B.

GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES

In so trifling a Composition as the following, it was not thought pro-

per to trouble the Reader with any Notes,—but for the Satisfaction

of the more curious Observer, some Additions are placed at

the End, where he will find sufficient Data to take any Geometri-

cal Proportion.

The Author trusts, since the late Inclosure has appointed to
 excellent an Obedience, that the original Manuscript will change that
 Perfection they have so generously and warmly laboured
 within the present Century.

THE
OLD SERPENTINE TEMPLE
 OF THE
DRUIDS,
 AT
AVEBURY,
 A POEM.

E'RE yet slow time or quick destroying man
 Shall raze the traces of this sacred place,
 Where AVEBURY village stands; e're yet
 Each towering stone of the old Druid's temple
 Shall undermined fall,—let me attempt
 (Oh! were my genius equal to the task)
 To shew what once it was,—what now it is.—
 If, as 'tis said, the spirit of the dead
 Hover around the spot belov'd on earth,

Thine, STUKELEY, I invoke, whose restless search
Has freed these ruins from oblivion's grasp.

'Twas thou first taught'st the rude unletter'd boor

The value of his native spot, thou told'st him

Where best to dig, and find the antient medal;

— Enrich'd by thee with names of men and things.

He shows the traveller the spacious plain,

And gains an honest shilling, due reward

Of honour'd STUKELEY's learning, judgment, sense.

— From thy deep page of knowledge let me trace,

In fewer words, and far less learned lore,

The antient worship of the Power Supreme.

Whether, when first creation form'd this globe,

— The chalky soil ooz'd up the harder mass,

— And time and nature more increas'd it's crust;

Or, when the deluge o'er the face of all

One ruin spread, the groaning earth disturb'd

With sudden powers, felt through all her frame

The rushing stream, and from her entrails threw

The uniform'd heaps, which the revolving seasons

With force petrific prest, and turn'd to stone.

—No proof direct this mortal state permits,
 But judgment second causes brings to prove
 This last opinion, that, at the DELUGE,
 Those matchless masses took the shape which now
 They wear on HACKPEN HILL, and in the vale
 Which on the western side surrounds the town
 Of MARLBOROUGH, once KUNETIO, from the KEN-
 NET, call'd
 The KENNET draws its source from these fam'd plains,
 And STONEHENG, mighty Carcase, owns its birth
 From 'mongst these Sarfens, by the vulgar call'd
 Grey-weather, from the incrusted colour.
 Where WANSPIKE crosses o'er the antient road
 Which led from BATH to LONDON, near the town
 Of fam'd DEVIZES, call'd from that king,
 Whom Caesar mentions, Divitiacus,
 Who with his followers from Gaul subdued
 The western coast, and, as a boundary,
 Dug the yawning WANSPIKE, laborious work !
 There is a cottage on the rising ground,
 That from the driving wind and rain protects
 The Shepherd-swain, and hence is call'd his Shore.

This house from one of these vast stones was built,
 And, as the workmen hew'd the uncouth bulk
 The bones of various animals were seen
 Mix'd with the chalky substance ;—this a proof
 Compos'd the matter is ;—the shapeless form
 Declare's tis ^{spiritual} Nature's work, who thrēw
 Heaps undigested from the general wreck.
 —So far opinion tries to trace the Kind
 Of substance which form'd the vast materials
 Of this stupendous Work ! this wondrous Temple !
 All, all but vague.—Its Form and Fashion next
 Demand our notice ; and here, from STUKELEY'S
 Laborious search, we gain the knowledge wish'd.
 —From those primæval days, when first the Rites
 Of the true God was known to man, open
 And spacious were the Temples ; no Idols
 The sacred place profan'd ; Mosaic writ
 Of Abraham's altar speaks, and Abraham's worship.
 Him many a Nation as their Parent claim
 Whose names recorded stand ; from these, tis said,
 The British Isles its first possessors found,
 Who still preserv'd the holy worship pure,

And with unshapen stones, unhewn, unwrought,
 (Such was the Jewish law) their altars rear'd.
 —In after-times, when David's honour'd Son
 The Temple built ; nor axe, nor iron tool
 Was through the building heard, but shap'd each part
 E're to the holy spot it came ; so too
 STONEHENGE the traces of the workman's hand
 Declares,—where horizontally the stone
 On two depending, in its concave form
 Receives their rounded tops ;—not thus thy Ruins,
 AVEBURY,—with crusted sides far deeper
 Indented, signs of greater age, but not
 Of art,—own aught but the Almighty hand.
 Here Man his servant plac'd the august work,
 Form'd by his Fiat, fashion'd by his Nod.—
 Behold the towering Rocks erected stand,
 Hailing the heavens with their awful heads.
 Their shape original, untouch'd ;—but still
 To each the spot's allotted, the distance
 Equal, while all unite in one intire
 And noble figure ; such as antient times
 Might best exemplify the unknown Power.—

—The emblematic Serpent's mazy form,
 As round and perfect, no end, beginning,
 Our fathers chose, e're yet Idolatry
 Debas'd the pristine rite, and prostrate fell
 Before the Image, and forgot the God.
 So, when the Jewish Legislator rais'd
 The brazen Serpent, an Almighty sign
 Of mercy and compassion, too soon
 The base degenerate Israelitish Crew
 Lost all remembrance of the favour shewn,
 And worship'd the frail Creature, frail indeed!
 When Hezekiah ground it into dust.

—Ye venerable Druids, sacred Guardians
 Of these once hallow'd, scarce existing, Piles;
 With no such heathenish rites, or vain intent
 Ye rear'd the massy Rocks, too vast, immense
 The plan to catch the superstitious gaze;
 Where the long-connected chain of building
 Forms the lengthen'd Serpent, three modern miles
 The mystic shape's extended, and various temples
 Join to complete one whole stupendous work.
 Thus in the earliest days, the SERPENT SHAPE

Express'd Divinity;—so antient coins declare,

And to the written testimonies give

Well-grounded proof:—To STUKELY's learned page

Let the more studious Wight repair, and trace

The august symbol there,—far, far above

My feeble flight or will to soar so high;

Content in a more humble spot to range,

And glean materials of a lower kind:

To the more nervous line, and deeper thought,

I leave the subject, 'tis your's to expound

What mysteries the old Dracontian Fanes

Illustrate; what means the ETERNAL RING;

The BODY's length of more material form;

Th' EXPANDING WINGS proceeding from them both,

All in ONE WHOLE uniting, wondrous Type!

Which Revelation since hath manifested.

—But now the symbol's chang'd; the Christian aera

The well-known Cross exhibits, and explains

The allegoric Rites.—But soft, my pen,

Stray not too far beyond thy destin'd theme.

—Ye wand'ring Travellers, whose eager search

Unweari'd still from clime to clime can roam

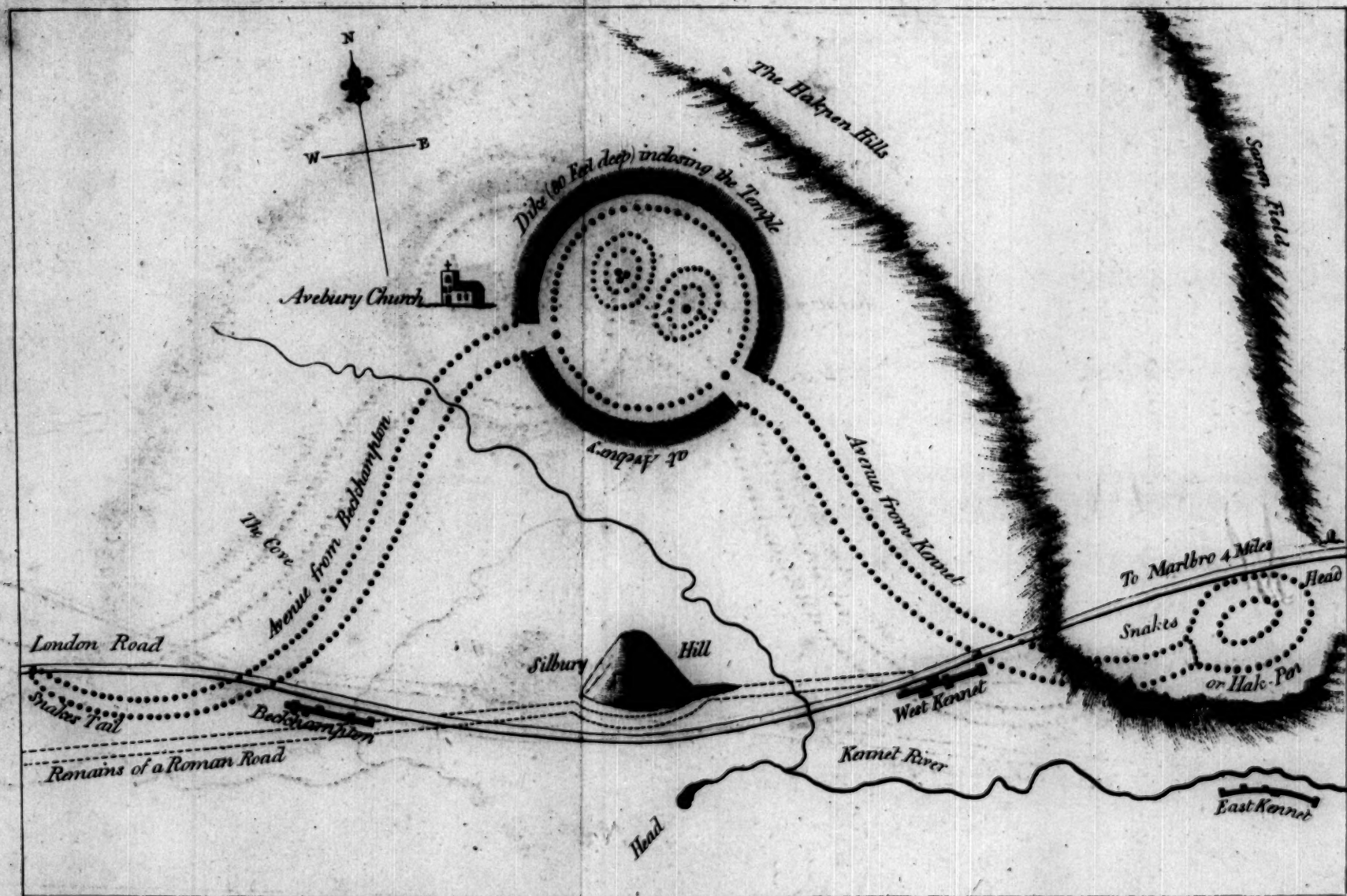
In search of foreign wonder, who can pass
 The frozen horrors of the northern Main,
 Or the more dreaded torrid Zone defy;
 Behold at home a Work more wondrous far
 Than Ægypt's boasted Pyramids, the strange
 And far-fetch'd tales of Asiatic pomp,
 The wondrous Mausoleum's vast Recess
 Product of oriental power, or what
 The pompous Ruins of Peru and Mexico
 Can shew; these may exhibit greater signs
 Of lawless pride, of human skill and art,
 Emblems of Tyranny, but thou excel'st
 In Nature's gifts, vast free spontaneous;
 Alas! not yet a century's past by,
 And how thou'rt fall'n, yet from the well-wrote page
 And thy Remains, we gain the pristine bulk:

The Stranger journeying to BATH's gay town
 From MARLBOROUGH, (where the antient tumulus
 Of that arch-druid stands, who first perform'd
 These mystic rites) with wond'ring eye observes,
 Ere scarce three miles are pass'd, th' unnumber'd heaps

Of vast unshapen stones low in a vale;
 From these, far spreading o'er the plain, were chose
 The larger masses for to form the pile
 Of AVEBURY's winding Temple; proceeding
 Onwards, the fourth mile pass'd, he mounts the hill
 Of HACKPEN, from the Snake's head call'd;—awhile
 Here let him pause,—and view the sacred spot,
 Where many a Tumulus appears, once fill'd
 With venerable dust, now spoil'd or scatter'd
 By Antiquarians deep or Rustics rude,
 Fated to ruin by friends as well as foes.—
 Mark well the rising Brow upon the left,
 For here the fam'd Dracontian Pile begins,
 And with a gradual slope adown the hill
 To KENNET town beneath with curving crest
 Proceeds, and forms the NECK; a double Ring,
 Forty the one, the smaller but eighteen,
 One plac'd within the other marks the HEAD;
 A double row the long extended Train,
 At first the number twice one hundred stones
 And two by two at equal distances:
 The HEAD a smaller Temple was, the NECK

Begins the proud and spacious Avenue,
 Which twining to the right crosses the road,
 (And here and there a vestige still appears
 To show its wonted course) till to the Downs
 They reach, where, more plain, some twelve remaining
 Stones you view, more regular, connected,
 Others are found, beneath their proper spot,
 Thrown down and buried, or the Vacuum's seen;
 And clearly prove STUKELEY, thy theory true.

—An Eastern mile now pass'd, upon the South
 Approach we next the Centre, where the size
 Increasing strikes th' astonish'd eye; the Dike
 Presents its deep and rounded shape,—without
 Lays the high-heap'd earth, sure sign the work
 Was of a peaceful kind, and not for War:
 Within, the ponderous Stones more vast appear,
 Their distance fifteen cubits, ten the breadth,
 The same the height, for by that scale alone
 The Building measures; no less pristine mode
 Will with the plan agree; the Gallic, Pict,
 The Roman, Saxon, fail: the Temple stands



GROUND PLAN of the SERPENTINE TEMPLE at AVEBURY.

By the same rule, that once the ARK was built,
 What further proof needs its Antiquity?
 Thus by the Dike a single Ring is rear'd,
 One hundred stones compos'd the Pile complete,
 Two circles less inclosing, South and North;
 But these with double rings, thirty the one,
 The inward only twelve. Each Fane agrees
 In number, size, and shape. The North contains
 A Cove form'd of three stones triangular,
 An antient Altar this :—the South has one
 To which they ty'd the Victim ; and another,
 An Obelisk, the highest of the group,
 Which in the centre rears its spiring head.

Upon the western side you leave the Fane
 Where still the Serpent twines its curling Tail,
 And forms a second Avenue, in length
 The same, and with a double row ; making
 An Eastern mile, four thousand cubits.—Now
 Another Cove is noted, like the first,
 Whose face or opening turns towards the East,
 Placed in the middle of the Avenue,
 And with two added stones the group is form'd.

Nearer and smaller here the Piles appear.
 'Till in the vale, at last, by BECKHAMPTON,
 One Stone concludes the Train.—

Thus of the self-same form, Pausanias writes,
 A Temple stood (suppos'd by Cadmus rear'd)
 In the highway from Thebes to Glicas;
 This the Snake's head was by the Theban's call'd,
 And in a space fenc'd round with lofty stones.—
 So antient fables speaking of the Flood,
 Tell how the slime left on the wat'ry earth
 Produc'd the Serpent Python, whose huge bulk
 Apollo overcame, and gave the Pythian name
 To annual games, to festivals, and temples.
 Hence too the Mount Parnassus takes it's name
 From the Snake's head, as now the HACKPEN's call'd.
 Ah! did this Hill, like to the Grecian Brow
 Its inspirations shed, then should a stronger flight
 Direct my course around the rocky plain.
 What now avails, that once such Temples were
 Vast, and immense, the undermining hand
 Of Time o'erturns them, but AVERBURY had stood

Still noble in it's ruins, had not the lust
 Of gain the small spot crav'd ; th' extensive plan
 The eye did not peruse, and Ignorance
 Join'd to complete the general wreck : yet still
 Some few Gigantic Piles remain, and round
 The country the heap'd-up Barrows arrest
 Even the common gaze, and if ~~untouch'd~~
 The stony * Pillar's seen.—SILBURY the chief
 Attracts the notice, whose capacious Base
 On full five modern acres stands ; the Top
 Alone equals the space of fam'd STONEHENGE,
 The Height one hundred cubits perpendicular.
 Here lay entomb'd the British King, of AVEBURY'S
 Temple the sacred founder, from whose name
 The River,—rising by his monument,—
 Is call'd, and to KUNETIO sends the same.
 The Prince Kunedha was, whose moulded frame
 Within this age was found, as on the Hill
 To plant some trees the workmen dug, with him
 His warlike arms were buried, which STUKELEY
 Timely came to rescue.—This far-fam'd hill

* Gen. XXXV. 20.

Full South of AVEBURY stands, and in the midst on hill
 Between the HACKPEN and the Serpent's Tail: nigh to
 It seems not difficult to say, when Prince Kunedha died;
 for to the present year The country people have an annual feast
 Upon this hill (Palm Sunday is the day)
 When 'mongst their various customs, from the head
 Of KENNET's river the pure lymph is brought;
 Then too the various sports, and certain games
 Commemorate the hero:—so, Virgil writes,
 Æneas for his father rais'd the heap,
 And, on the anniversary, appointed
 The games, and sports, and exercises: so too
 Achilles at Patroclus tomb with plays
 And sacrifices gave the funeral rites.
 Straight to this hill the well-built Roman road
 Directs its course, here check'd, upon the right it turns
 Around the Tumulus; and plainly shows
 That SILBURY is the elder of the two;
 So on BECKHAMPTON Down a smaller Barrow,
 Divided by this Road, again will prove,
 That long before the Romans knew this Isle



M. W. delin.

T. & B. 1840.

REMAINS of the SOUTHERN TEMPLE at AVEBURY.

These wondrous Works existed;—hence we gain,

What once the fam'd Dracontian Temple was.

WHAT NOW IT IS, how fall'n, how little known,

How chang'd the former Worth, and boasted Name,

Tells human grandeur all its frailty.

Where once a Temple, more grand than any

We hear or read of, Wonder of the Kind!

Which still preserv'd the patriarchal Rites,

And prov'd these Isles what PLATO call'd the Blest,

Majestically stood, and rear'd its head:

A lonely village from its broken bulk

Is rais'd, and fills the sacred ground; while one

Huge Stone a victim falls, and forms the Cot,

Surrouhds the little garden with a Wall,

Or as a Boundary lays across the fields.

Here, in the Northern Cove, a high-rais'd Stone

Protects the neighb'ring barn, it's hardy front

Impervious to the weather; another

Extended lies within the humble Cot,

And forms the floor; in vain the searching rats

Attempt an entrance through, th' incrusted sides

Defy their utmost efforts; others stand

High tow'ring in the meadow, beneath
 Whose ample shade, safe from the scorching sun,
 The Cattle lie, and slow the Bulk still has
 It's use.—Be not then greedy, Husbandman,
 Of their small spot ; not unreveng'd they'll fall.
 The rooted Base, and stern compacted Form
 Will make thee dearly pay ; each space of ground
 Shall thrice be bought.—Know'st thou the fate of him,
 The Herostratus of this sacred Place ?
 He fir'd the reverend Pile, and thought to build
 Houses more stable ; soon th' avenging flame
 Repay'd the sacrilege, and left the Wretch
 Ruin'd, undone, to rue his wanton fate.

A better lot, I trust, awaits the few
 Remaining Stones. No more in common lie
 The fields, each has its separate owner,
 Nor longer needs to fear the visionary Schemer,
 Or hair-brain'd Speculatist, whose wild plans
 More mischief did than rustic Ignorance.
 When at the midnight hour the Druid-shades
 O'er the belov'd spot shall stray ; oh ! may

No glaring flame, nor ruder hammer's shock
 Trouble their peaceful souls, as headlong falls
 The favourite Ruin ; and from the awful gloom,
 Still let them view how small a space contains
 The present Temple ; now, without the Dike,
 Rear'd by rude Gothic hands from some small stones,
 The same in kind ; perhaps the broken parts
 Of the first victims from the Snakey Pile.
 How is the Building chang'd ; one massy Rock,
 At first, in native grandeur stood ; it's Top
 Next rounded receiv'd the covering ; then
 The inclosing Sides were placed ; till step by step,
 And inch by inch, broken by many a tool,
 Form'd, fashion'd, plac'd by nicest art and care,
 The long-continuing Spire pierces amid the clouds.—
 Yes, we may boast our knowledge, but 'twould be
 No easy task, with all the lever's force,
 To raise these Piles from out their native soil.
 Will any try ? Amid the scatter'd Sarsens
 Full large he'll find, to prove what wondrous skill
 First rais'd the Masses for the mighty Work.
 But in those earlier times religious Zeal

Strengthen'd the Heart, and brac'd the nervous Arm,
 And each who aided in the glorious deed
 Rejoic'd to build the Temple to his God!—

Methinks I see the venerable Arch-druid
 Proceeding to the Fane, Thousands attend
 His solemn footsteps, or uncover'd crowd
 Along the spacious Way, and prostrate bow,
 As slow along he passes; See! he ascends
 The higher Cove, with awful silence
 The Multitude attentive stand without
 The Dike; within, his Brethren their allotted
 Places take:—Each Word proceeding from his lips
 The greedy Crowd devour; on him alone
 All eyes are fix'd, all ears arrested wait,
 His Word the only Truth, his Wishes Law.
 But, shall I turn my eyes, and see, perhaps,
 The lowly Pastor, on the sacred day
 Urging his way to Church, the staring Group
 Scarcely regard his coming, an hasty nod,
 If any, meets his view, while every Child
 Will hiss, "'tis but the Curate;" in the aisle

He draws the surplice on, the buzzing noise,
 Within, without, is heard.—The Service opens,—
 And to and fro in churchyard or the porch
 The gaiking Clowns are loitering : now clash
 The gates, or screech the doors, the voices now
 Are heard without, and drown his humbler tone.
 In vain he tries to fix the wand'ring gaze,
 In vain to catch the attention, some face
 Or dress more new obstructs him ;—the drowsy,
 Dim or deaf alone seem to regard him,
 And, as he finishes, each eager strives
 To be the first to leave the mouldy walls.

Such are the changes of this mundane state,
 To ev'ry thing the limit's fix'd, but if
 'Mongst Men so great a difference's found, is not
 The Globe the same? Yearly the plough encroaches
 On the land, the ditch is dug, the boundary
 Made, the trees are planted, and the vast Plain
 Shews forth the signs of human culture. When
 AVEBURY'S Fane was rais'd, the country round
 Was all one universal waste ; Nature's

Common gifts supply'd the few Inhabitants;
 No fence was wanted, save as protection
 Against the prowling Wolf. Then hunting was
 A necessary toil, and needful labour;
 No day of sport, but danger. The brawny
 Youth led forth his Fellows, nor did the game
 Fly from the fight, but sternly stood its ground,
 And oft'times died not unrevenge'd:—the scene
 Is chang'd—the pleasure stays—the danger's gone:—
 But who shall dare, since SOMERVILLE's bold voice,
 To trace the modern chase, the winding Hare,
 And join his notes with the full opening Pack?
 If ought can raise the torpid line, such Plains
 Might urge the sluggish verse, and tune the jovial song.
 —Ye boisterous Lovers of the noisy Fox,
 Who deep in woods, and wallowing in the mire,
 Hallow away the day, whose clashing whips
 Drown the small music of the *fashion'd* Pack,
 Whose still repeating horn, like Cuckow Bird,
 Again, again, emits its double note,
 Do not condemn these long extended Lawns,
 Come, join the Chase; and try o'er hill and vale

To keep with the humble beagles, but shou'd
 Your horses, high-bred, high-priz'd, high-leaping,
 Dislike the smoother soil, and in full chace
 Labour to join the Pack, or shou'd perchance
 The headlong steeps, and the quick rising hills
 Embarrass the bold Rider, do not abuse
 The quiet harmless sport; 'tis true, all noise
 This chace forbids.—When cold the scent, and inch
 By inch the steady Beagle, o'er the chill'd
 Earth, close to the ground with snuffing nostrils,
 The puzzling clew unravels, if the loud voice
 Assails his ear, he rises to the found,
 And the imperfect line is lost, and gone:
 But, when warm zephyrs fan the velvet lawn,
 Erect he bears his front, his head far stretch'd
 Equals in height his breast, his quick'ning step
 Still, still increases; then let loose your joy,
 And, "forward, forward," press the following hounds;
 Nor lag yourself, too certain of the chace.
 As Nature's fruit, with its rough crimson coat
 Full fragrant juicy, excels the hot-house fort
 With skin of tawdry red, with mawkish smell

And taste and form imperfect, premature :
 So far superior is the nimble Hare
 Bred on the bracing Downs, to that weak kind
 The produce of a warm Inclosure ; the
 Straight o'er the distant country speeds away,
 Nor tries the mazy rings, and doubling wiles.—
 Full many a gallant Hunter on the hill,
 Who trusted to the uncertain round, has oft
 Been left forlorn, unwillingly to view
 The Sarsens scatter'd round the Vale ; if such
 Should be the lot of hapless Wight who reads
 These lines (by some such chance perhaps occasion'd.)
 E'en let him seek where AVEHURY Tow'r, amid
 The embowering woods salutes his eye ;
 And, if of antient lore his breast contains
 One spark, enough he still will find to raise
 Th' enthusiastic flame : haply he'll meet
 Some hoary-headed Sage, who well remembering
 E're devastation seiz'd the sacred spot,
 Will point the wondrous Structure of the Pile.
 —Yet now some few remain, and the vast Dike
 Opens its yawning Jaws ;—with ease he still

May trace each vestige of the Northern Fane,

While in the Southern his astonish'd eye

Beholds far larger Bulks than fam'd STONEHENGE.

And, as he scans the visible Remains

Of all that once was noble, strong, and great,

May this reflecting Moral strike his soul,

To fix his Basis on a firmer soil,

WHERE NEITHER TIME CAN HURT OR MAN DESTROY. —



Dr. STURGEON described the Temple of Serapis, as well as
 STONKHENGE, and SERAPHEE Hall was regularly formed by the old
 Cubit, 3 Feet 5 Inches and Half make nearly 2 Cubits. A Staff of
 10 Feet 4 Inches and a little more than an Half was the measuring
 Rod of the antient Philosophers.

				CUBITS. STONES.	
The Temple intended for the Head of the Snake was	}	85	40		
at the outer Circle,					
The inner,	}	28	18		
The breadth at the Neck of the Snake,					
Which increased along the Body to the Grand Temple	}	34	200		
The Dike in Breadth,					
The Dike in Depth	}	45	45		
The Temples are comprehended within a circular dia-					
meter Space,	}	800			
The first Circle begins within the Verge of the Ditch			200	100	
The Interval between the Stones,	}	15			
The Breadth and Height of the Stones, nearly			10		
The Diameter of the outer Circle of the Temples	}	240	{	30	
				30	
The Diameter of the inner,	}	100	{	12	
				12	
The Distance from Centre to Centre,	}	300			
The Snake gradually lessen'd to the Tail,			34		
As from the Neck it gradually increased	}	26	200		
Tail Stone,					
The Victim and Obelisk,	}			1	
				2	
The Cove in the Northern Temple,	}			3	
One of the Tail Stones made a Part of the other Cove				2	
				650	
The Breadth of the Stones in the Circle was to their	}	2	:	3	
Distance,					
In the Avenue, the Distance between to the opposite	}	3	:	2	
Breadth,					

THE
ETYMOLOGY of a FEW WORDS,

According to Dr. S.

AVEBURY, (Gothic) a Temple, or great Building,

SARSEN, (Phœnician) a Rock.

HAKPEN, (the Hill is still called) Hak (Chaldee) *Snake*, Pen (British)

Head.

PARNASSUS, Har, *Headland*, Nahas a *Serpent*.—Dickenson in Delphi.

Phœnic.

SILBURY, (Saxon) marvellous Hill.

STONEHENGE, (Saxon) hanging Stones.
